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aug 29, 1964

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[And Possession given the 1st October.]

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Poetry.

Which Loved Her Best?

"I love you mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the wood and water to bring.

"I love you mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you mother," said little Fan,
"Today I'll help you all I can."
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

"I love you mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them, really, loved her best?

—Anon.

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

On portions of the sombre Shawangunk Mountains, miles away from settlements, and where luscious huckleberries grow, rattlesnakes have been found for many years past, and this summer they seem more numerous than usual in two or three localities. The Shawangunk rattler is a gamey snake and it rarely, if ever turns tail, even in the face of desperate odds.

During the last two weeks huckleberry pickers report having had some lively encounters, though nobody has been seriously hurt. Occasionally a rattler will crawl to a village and make itself at home in somebody's door-yard. An instance of this kind occurred a day or two ago in the hamlet of Accord, which is situated at the base of the Shawangunk Mountain and in close proximity to the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Charles Walker lives in Accord, and when he saw an odd colored, slimy thing near his doorway he made an investigation, and it was near being the death of him.

The intruder was a rattler of the most venomous kind to be found in the mountains, and it soon made Mr. Walker understand that it would not give in an inch, that it would fight to the death. The reptile was ready to spring at Mr. Walker when he saw his great peril, and it was the work of an instant to pick up a club that happened to be handy at his feet, and to hit the snake a vigorous whack on the head as it sprang toward him. The blow stunned the rattler for a second or two, and then it coiled itself and sprang twice at the man who had made it feel the weight of a heavy cudgel. Both times Mr. Walker escaped from being bitten by the fangs.

At this time Mrs. Walker was in the house. As it fortunately happened, she stopped her household duties for a minute to take a look "up and down the road," when she saw the desperate condition of her husband. Some women would have screamed, and later on would have run to the neighbor's house for help or fainted, but Mr. Walker hasn't that kind of a help-mate. In an instant she saw that what had to be done must be done quickly, and then she scurried into the kitchen, where her husband's shotgun was in its customary place, already loaded and ready to be fired. In a jiffy it was in Mrs. Walker's hands, and in another jiffy there was a puff of smoke, a bright flash and a ringing report, and a dead snake lay stretched at her husband's feet.

Then Mrs. Walker did scream just a little, and her good man told her what a brave little body she was and how much good sense and timely presence of mind she had exhibited. Other people have congratulated Mrs. Walker, and now she laughingly says that she fails to see that she did anything for people to make such a fuss over. Nevertheless, she saved her husband's life, it is fair to presume, and there is no doubt whatever about the fact that the snake was one of the largest seen in Accord for years.

CAUSING A COMMOTION.

One of Theodore Hook's Practical Jokes that Succeeded.

Theodore Hook was a famous practical joker, and once, at least, he perpetrated a jest that disturbed all London and amused all England. This was the famous Berners street hoax. Berners street in 1810 was a quiet street, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady living in the street. A van load of furniture followed, then a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning coaches. Two fashionable physicians, a dentist and an accoucheur drove up as near as they could to the door, wondering why so many lumbering vehicles blocked the way. Six men brought a great chamber organ; a brewer sent several barrels of ale; a grocer sent a cartload of potatoes. Coach makers, clock makers, carpet manufacturers, confectioners, wig makers, man-

tuamakers, opticians and curiosity dealers followed with samples of their wares. From all quarters trooped in coachmen, footmen, cooks, housemaids and nursery maids in quest of situations. To crown all, dignitaries came in their carriages, the commander-in-chief, the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chief justice, a cabinet minister, a governor of the Bank of England and the lord mayor. The latter—one among many who speedily recognized that all had been the victims of some gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough street police office, and stated that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners street to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion house, that she was at death's door, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his lordship would call upon her. The other dignitaries had been appealed to in a similar way. Police officers were despatched to maintain order in Berners street. They found it choked up with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another. The drivers were infuriated. The disappointment tradesmen were clamoring for vengeance. Some of the vans and goods were overturned and broken; and a few barrels of ale had fallen a prey to the large crowd that was maliciously enjoying the fun. All day and far into the night this state of things continued. Meanwhile the old lady and the inmates of adjoining houses were in abject terror. Every one soon saw that a hoax had been perpetrated, but Hook's connection was not discovered until long afterwards. He had noticed the quietness of the neighborhood, and had laid a wager with a brother wag that he would make Berners street the talk of all London. A door-plate had furnished him with Mrs. —'s name, and he had spent three days in writing the letters which brought the crowd to her door. At the appointed time he had posted himself with two or three companions in a lodging just opposite, which he had rented for the purpose of enjoying the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country and there remain incognito for a time. Had he been publicly known as the author of the hoax he might have fared badly.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Remember you have got to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you you will see that men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men that work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of 30. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p.m. and don't go home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives the appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep; the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Hawkeye.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Zolo doesn't seem to be doing very good work now-a-days," he said to a New York girl. "Zolo" she said. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Peterly, but I don't just recollect what club Mr. Zolo is playing with now."

"Is Mr. — in?" asked a visitor at an office in the Moffat building of the office boy. "Naw." "Do you know where he is," "Nope; his aunt's dead, and I guess he's either at the funeral or at the ball game."

"What do you publish a paper for, I'd like to know?" sarcastically enquired an irate politician, tackling a country editor. "For \$2 a year in advance," responded the editor, "and you owe me for four years."

"And is that yellow dome, which rises in the field yonder, the roof of another dwelling?" asked the city visitor of his country friend. "Oh, no!" said the farmer, "that is my prize pumpkin you see, which is growing right along for the agricultural show."

Smith—Well, Brown, old boy, how are you feeling today? Brown—Fine! Never in better spirits. Going away on a vacation tomorrow. Smith (four weeks later)—Good day, Brown. How's your health? Brown—Miserable—feeling old—all broke up. Just returned from my vacation.

"Booby," said young Featherly, as the lad opened the door, "I think I left my umbrella here last evening. Will you ask your sister Clara if she has seen anything of it?" "It's all right," replied Bobby. "Sister's out walking with Mr. Sampson, and as it looks like rain they took it with them."

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FOR SALE BY J. & W. PITTS,
Canada Superior Extra Flour
New York Extra \$2 Flour
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WATERPROOF BOOT POLISH.

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AMERICAN HAMS,
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UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF Mr.
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creased twofold; customers well-pleased. No de-
lays; the work quick and good. Come and save time.
Hours—from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.;
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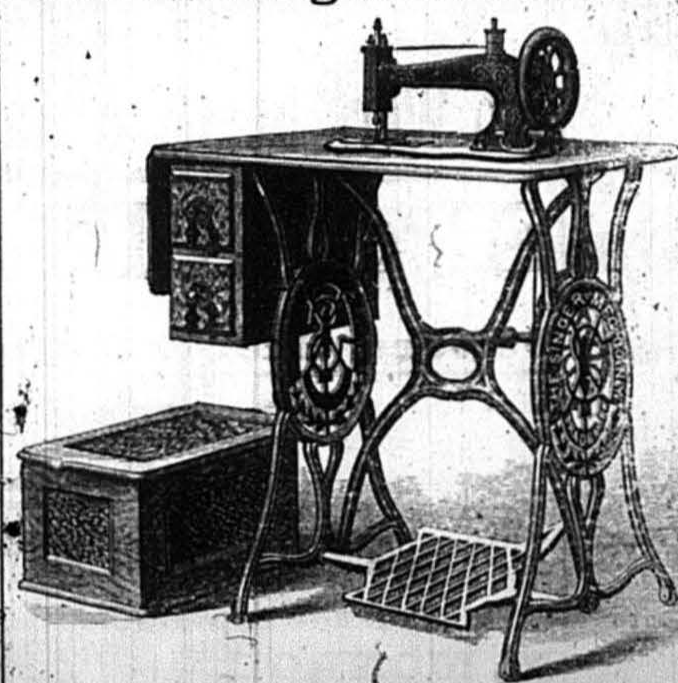
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1st. Uses the shortest needle of any
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ALSO, FROM HALIFAX, A FEW NICE ANNAPOLIS CHEESE, A Choice
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A fine assortment of Fancy Biscuits, viz—Soda, Sugar, Fruit, Ginger Snaps, Ottawa Gems, Iced Sul-
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brls. cut Leaf Sugar—Neilson's Gelatine. 200 boxes of Soap, in every variety. 100 half-chests and
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outport orders receive his best attention. All goods guaranteed fresh. New stock, and a great re-
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A.P. JORDAN.

A Select Story.

Her Just Sentence

BY AUTHOR OF "SET IN DIAMONDS."

CHAPTER XXXV—(continue.)

GLADIE'S STRANGE QUESTION.

Gladie was silent for a few minutes, then she said:

"Will you remember, in the after years, that I asked you this question?"

"Yes, I will remember it," answered Lenore. "I think it a foolish question; one has but to look at his face to trust life or death, heart or soul, in his hands."

Then, seeing Gladie's face grow darker, she said, believing the girl's sorrow for her words:

"I am not in the least degree vexed or annoyed with you—pray do not think so; and I have good news for you, Gladie, my generous lover. He will give you a dowry, so that when the day comes for you to love and marry, you will not be a portionless bride."

The girl averted her face, lest the quivering of her lips should be seen.

"Did he offer to do this, Lenore, or did you ask him?" she said.

"It was his own spontaneous offer—I did not suggest it," answered Lenore. "I am grateful to him—he is a generous man," said Gladie.

But her lips were stiff and cold as she spoke—the words seemed to come from them with difficulty.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BITTERNESS OF HATE.

THEY WERE married, and it seemed that marriage was universally approved; no one had a word to say against it except Elsa Grey. She considered Lenore's conduct neither more or less than treacherous, to take husbands; both such wise men, and what seemed to her still worse, both of them men who ought to have—one of them, at least—married her. It was too much to expect that she should be passive under such great trials. She was the only one who ventured to make the least remark about it. They were married, and the first week in the glorious month of August Sir Cyril took his wife home to Eastwold.

Nothing could have equaled his kindness to Gladie. By his own orders a beautiful little suite of rooms was set aside for her in the western wing, and they were beautifully fitted up; a boudoir that opened on a large iron balcony filled with flowers and overlooking the whole of the Barton Woods, a sleeping-room that might have been the bower of a fairy queen, and a dressing-room replete with all comfort. By his own orders they were most artistically furnished and filled with flowers. Nothing could be too bright or too good for his wife's adopted sister.

Gladie expressed her thanks, when some weeks afterward Sir Cyril sent for her to meet the family lawyer, and they proceeded to draw up and sign different documents, by which the sum of five thousand pounds was settled on her. She was speechless, her pale face and shadowed eyes puzzled the lawyer, who had expected that she would be overjoyed. She turned to Sir Cyril.

"I am quite at a loss how to thank you," she said, "your bounty to me is so royal."

"My dear Gladie," he answered, in his genial, kindly fashion, "there is no need for thanks. My wife's adopted sister is very dear to me, and I could not see her a portionless lassie." Take the gift from me as you would from your own brother—in the same frank spirit; do not say another word about it."

She did not; but for a time it softened and soothed the deadly hate, the burning rancor, the deadly sense of wrong, the jealousy that strove like a fiend in her heart. So they lived for a time, and the beautiful Lady Vernon was the admired of all. Every one liked and loved her; she was queen of the county; she had all the gayeties and festivities; she was one of the most charming hostesses ever seen at Eastwold. I was a new life, and wonderfully she enjoyed it. She was feted, loved, and caressed. Lady Vernon, of Eastwold, held a position second to none in the county. Sir Cyril worshiped her with the maddest worship that a

man ever gave to a woman; he seemed to worship even the ground whereon her little feet rested. Nothing was good enough for her. He would have hung her round with diamonds; he would have dissolved precious pearls for her to drink; he would have given the last drop of blood in his heart for her. No man had ever so completely loved and worshiped a woman before. People laughed, in a kindly, generous fashion, at it; they called Sir Cyril a model husband, they admired his knightly fashion of worship. Bright-eyed girls hoped that some day fortune would send them a husband as kind, loving, and good; gray-haired matrons lamented the days of their youth and wished that they had been equally blessed.

People, too, in their blindness, said, how very nice it was for Lady Vernon to have her adopted sister with her; how very delightful it must be; what a charming household; the knightly Sir Cyril, the beautiful, winning, gracious Lady Vernon, and Miss Beaton, with all her accomplishments. They little dreamed that in this "delightful household" every passion that was in human heart found a place. No one would or could have believed such a thing.

Miss Beaton shared all Lady Vernon's gayeties and pleasures—they were exactly like sisters—there was just this one difference between them—Lady Vernon gave to Gladie a true, loyal, kindly, sincere love, while Gladie gave to her the keenest, most bitter, most jealous hate that one person could give another. It was well concealed, carefully hidden, but still it was there—it flamed out at times, and they mistook it for overzeal; but there was hate enough in Gladie's heart for murder.

She would look at the beautiful Saxon face and figure wondering why her own dark, luxuriant beauty had paled before this. She hated her with what the great poet calls the "hate of hell." She would have trampled with her heel all beauty out of that radiant face—she would have scorched it with the lightning of her wrath. There was no torture that she would not have seen inflicted on that beautiful woman without even raising one hand to plead for mercy. She would have killed her over and over again, but that the human law exacts "a life for a life."

At times she went to Lenore's room, when the mistress of Eastwold was dressing for a ball or fete. She would stand by and suggest different flowers or ornaments; then, perhaps in her zeal for arranging them, her hands would touch the white neck or the bare shoulders. Oh, the longing, the wild, mad, wicked longing that came over her to burn, scorch, mark, bruise that white, tender skin, to leave such marks there as a tiger's claw makes.

"How I should like to take this beauty from her!" she would hiss from beneath her clinched teeth.

Then Lady Vernon would look at her with her calm, lovely eyes, and say:

"How strangely you look at me, Gladie, like the wolf at Little Red Ridinghood."

Then she would laugh so heartily at her own comparison, little dreaming how true it was. But the time when Gladie hated her most was when her little son was born; that was one fine, warm, bright day in June, when the smile of Heaven, as shown in the summer sun, rested on the land, and the air was filled with music. Then it seemed to Lenore that her cup of happiness brimmed over, when they brought a lovely babe, with Sir Cyril's dark curls and her blue eyes, and placing it in her arms told her it was her son. She wondered afterward that she had not gone mad with the very excess of her joy. A son! it was the one thing to complete her bliss.

Then the rejoicings; people seemed as though they could not really make enough of her.

"As though," said Gladie to herself, with ineffable contempt—"as though they had never been a baby before!"

It was Sir Cyril's idea to have the little one named Audley, and Lenore was delighted with it. Surely such rejoicings never were before; the bells rang; the tenants came up with congratulations and offerings; every one had something kind to say, while the beautiful mother lay and listened, with a smile on her face.

(to be continued.)

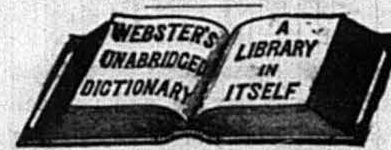
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AFTER FOUR WEEKS FROM this date, application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council, for letters patent for a "Steel Protected Dry Fittings," for the preservation of cast-iron seams, to be granted to THOMAS S. CALPIN, of Bay Roberts.

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aug 16

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ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES,

OR ANY INJURIOUS MATERIALS.

E. W. GILLET, TORONTO, ONT.

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CHOICE BUTTER.

Now landing ex schr. Neva from Antigonish,
74 tubs New

NOVA SCOTIA BUTTER.

Clift, Wood & Co.

New Nova Scotia Butter.

Now Landing, ex schr. 'Neva', from Antigonish,
N.S., and for sale by

CLIFT, WOOD & CO.

78 tubs Choice New Antigonish Butter.

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Daily Colonist.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1888.

ALL EYES ON WHEAT.

The Markets of the World Highly Agitated.

EUROPE'S THREATENED SHORT CROP.

The Far-reaching Effects in United States.

The following, from a respectable business paper, the New York "Commercial Advertiser," gives the particulars up to date (Sept. 1) on the state of the wheat market. A gentleman in this town, who is well informed, says the reports of the wheat shortage are set afloat for the purpose of increasing the price of flour; and that there will be no real scarcity:—

The condition of the wheat market holds the attention of the speculative world at present. India and Russia, as well as England and Europe are affected by condition of the crops, and the wheat section of our own West are particularly interested in the outlook. For two months there has been an advance in the price of cereals which has not been confined to any one month, as is the case in a manipulated market, but extending to all the options, though December has been the month most largely dealt in. Advances from the old world concerning the wheat crop have been growing from bad to worse day by day. Among the wheat trade the situation is regarded as the most bullish that has been known for eight or ten years, and they sum up the condition as follows: England, which is the largest importer of wheat from America, usually takes about 90,000,000 bushels per annum, when her own crops are normal; but the wheat this summer

HAS PRACTICALLY RUINED HER CROPS

and they will fall at least 25 per cent. below the usual yield. Germany and France are in nearly the same condition. Cold, wet weather has cut down the usual home production. Conservative estimates place the European shortage of upward of 70,000,000 bushels, and this deficiency must be supplied from the great wheat producing countries of Russia, India and United States. But neither Russia nor India, from all accounts, will be burdened with much of a surplus crop. In the former country the climate conditions have been in some portions somewhat similar to that in the rest of Europe, only in a less degree; but an increase in acreage will, it is estimated, about make up for the loss by weather, and give her an average crop, but will not permit of her exporting more than usual. The recent ukase of the Russian Government whereby Russian railroads may make advances to the peasant farmer on their wheat, may have a decided influence on exportations from that quarter. Heretofore the peasant class has been at the mercy of the Hebrew usurers and the rack renters and been compelled to sell his crops at a sacrifice to meet the pressing demands against him, often disposing of his crops before they are harvested.

By the new arrangement the farmers will be able to hold on to their products until they command satisfactory prices. This

WILL NATURALLY CHECK EXPORTS

from that country for a time. From India the accounts are more meagre. Such news as reaches this country is that the store of wheat in that country has been reduced almost to a starvation basis, and that the new crop, which is but little, if any, in excess of former years, will be drawn upon heavily to supply the wants of that country and leave no extra amount for export. In the United States the crop is likely to be below the average, both in quantity and quality. The visible supply now on hand is phenomenally low. After supplying our own wants not more than 60,000,000, or 70,000,000 bushels will remain available, whereas the total exports last year were 120,000,000 bushels. But even the whole exportations cannot go to Europe, as the West Indies and China take large quantities from us and must be supplied.

It is on this unusual combination of circumstances that the bull element in the market base their belief in higher prices and have for weeks been putting up quotations for American wheat until it has advanced about 16 cents a bushel, equal to \$4,200 a boat load. Taking last year's crop of 457,000,000 bushels as a basis, the advance is equivalent to an increase of more than \$73,000,000 in value. But notwithstanding the situation, which all agree authorizes

A DECIDED ADVANCE IN PRICE,

many of the old time traders shake their heads and insist that the advance is altogether too rapid. The vast profits now talked of, they say, are after all only on paper, and add that it is largely a speculative market, and that the moment realization of profits begin to any extent, a heavy reaction is sure to follow. The demand for export and consumption has not begun yet to any extent. It will not take place for another month or more, and until this substantial basis for realization is at hand, purely speculative holders

are in danger. Shrewd operators are advising caution to their followers and customers. They insist that the top of the market is nearly in sight for the present, unless there is a further batch of bad news from Europe or other sources. After exportation begins they think a healthier advance may be looked for, and even \$1.50 wheat is predicted as a possible outcome of the really bullish situation. The estimated deficiency in the wheat crop would, in ordinary circumstances, have a depressing

INFLUENCE ON RAILWAY SHARES, as the profit of many roads depend largely on their wheat carrying. But it is believed that the enormous corn crop will more than make up the lost tonnage. Corn has thriven while wheat has suffered. The new crop of corn is estimated at 1,800,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 bushels, and though it is not so large an article of export as wheat, and does not come to the seashore in such quantities, yet it has been transported from point to point in the interior. There is likely to be an increased foreign demand for it in view of the lack of wheat, and also because of the partial failure of the corn crop of the Argentine Republic, which has heretofore sent considerable of that product to England.

Still Further Delayed!

We stated, some days ago, that the Deputation to Ottawa having no power to negotiate terms of Confederation of Newfoundland with Canada, would be the laughing-stock of the Dominion. It seems that the delegation will not go on Wednesday, with the expectation (as it is reported) of getting some sort of warrant or authority from the Executive. With a majority of the Executive and the Legislature, against Confederation, this would be without precedent. The question was not mooted at the last general election; it was not petitioned for; not a single public meeting has been held in its favor; and it did not form part of the amalgamation compact of 1887, upon which the present Executive hold their positions. Under these circumstances the Executive would be guilty of a high-handed act, which would warrant their impeachment, if they undertook to confer extraordinary powers upon any deputation to initiate a surrender of our country's charter.

THREE MEN MISSING.

Grave Fears Entertained for their Safety.

Grave fears are entertained for the safety of three Blackhead men, who left St. John's, for their homes, on Saturday evening. They left Job's wharf at 7.30 and have not been heard of since. The wind was blowing high at the time, and it is thought that a squall struck the boat and turned her over. The men's names are: Patrick Power, George Power and Joseph Power. Patrick and George are brothers; Joseph is son of the former. Patrick is about 45 years of age, and has a wife and three children, beside the son in the boat with him. George is about 32 years old and unmarried, but has a father of 90 years of age, and a sister, depending on him. Joseph, it is scarcely necessary to say, was also unmarried. Mr. T. J. Allen, who does business in the West-End was about the last person who saw the men before they left for home. They were all sober men, and if their lives are lost, it must have been through some unforeseen accident.

The Great Entertainment at the City Rink.

Tomorrow evening we will enjoy the novel feature of a Midsummer Carnival and Oriental Costume Ball, and it will be novel in more respects than one, as those will be shown in tableaux on a gigantic and magnificent scale, King Momus and his subjects; the Veiled Prophet and his retinue; the Queen of the Golden Realm and her satellites, with their offerings of gold amid a shower of gold; the Japanese Legation and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, all realistic and magnificent, and produced upon the novel structure—a revolving stage; after which the beautiful march of the Orientals will open the Oriental Costume Ball, when the marvellous dancing of over a hundred pupils, and the wonderful skill of Professor Danielle, their teacher, must be acknowledged and enjoyed by the multitude that are sure to be present. There will be general dancing for that class of our citizens who have patronized Professor Danielle in the past, from 10.30 until 2 o'clock.

The Jubilee Marine Distress Shell Share List.

We are glad to find that Mr. Earle has no trouble in disposing of shares. We learn that His Excellency, Governor Blake, has taken more than ordinary interest in the invention. We hope our Water-street merchants will do likewise. Mr. Earle is making every effort to proceed to Halifax this week, Vice-Admiral Lyons having expressed a desire to have the shells tested at that port.

DANIEL'S HARBOR.

French Interference with Lobster Factories

England Doesn't Want Any Complications.

[COLONIST'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Below Cow Head and the Steering Islands, is Parsons' Pond, where there are a few settlers, who fish and do a little farming. With practically unlimited agricultural advantages at their door, a boat, a stormy sea, and a school of herring prove invincible temptations to the people on this part of the coast, as on others less favored. Before reaching Portland Head, we pass a peculiar collection of rocks, known locally as the Arches, they having been worn into that shape by the ceaseless action of the waves. Portland Head or Bill is said to be almost a fac-simile of the celebrated place of that name on the Southern coast of England, with the peculiarity of looking the same from whatever point of view it is seen from. It is a fine, noble bluff, and stands out as a landmark for vessels, many miles away. A "brook" or small river runs into the sea here, which has its origin in Portland Head Pond, another of the numerous inland lakes, lying between the coast and the mountains, the home of the black duck and other edible fowl.

The next settlement is Daniel's Harbor. "Why is it called Daniel's Harbor?" I asked. "Well, sir, you see, many years ago, a man named Daniel Shea came down from Bonne Bay with his wife and children, and his furniture in a small boat, and was caught in a gale and lost his boat and furniture, but saved his wife and children, and so he settled here." Daniel's Harbor is, however, no harbor at all, just a slight curve in the coast line, protected, to a small extent, by two reefs of rock, through which runs a tickle, unnavigable even for small boats. Here I witnessed a novel sight to me, but one quite familiar to the inhabitants of the coast. A school of herring set into the miniature bay, in a few minutes all the male population were busy getting out the seine. They were somewhat clumsy in getting it to work, but luckily, the herring shot en masse into the above mentioned tickle, the seine was placed at its entrance, and the herring were prisoners in salt water. Then men, women and children turned out, and with cast nets, hand nets and forks, the fish were scooped out of the water, to be cleaned and salted at once, and Daniel's Harbor, that afternoon, had its winter supply of herring, to the amount of 280 barrels. This small community of 18 families live on the shore in the summer, but on going back to their "winter houses," about three-quarters of a mile back in the woods, there are fine potato patches, and good pieces of timothy, and a good number of cattle. These good people know nothing of telegraphs, coastal steamers, or any of the modern facilities of communication; they have no doctor, no lawyer, and seem quite indisposed to trouble much about the outside world, except the momentous question they ask of every stranger: "What is the price of herring in Halifax?" and, "Is there a trader coming down?" They go back into the mountains for deer, in September, and also complain of the useless slaughter, and the number of carcasses left by the hunters on the ground, to putrify, which drive the deer away for many miles inland. The offender in this case is not General Dashwood, but a Micmac Indian living near Bonne Bay. Many of the people get their winter's supply of deer meat from these mountains, and with them it is a serious matter to have the deer driven away. Some enactment should pass the House, at the next session, for the protection of the deer, and the licensing of sportsmen, or rather "deer slaughterers." Bellman's is the next small settlement on the coast, and then not a house for 18 miles, until we reach Port Saunders. Here is a settlement, and a lobster factory, owned by Messrs. Forrest & Co., of Halifax, under the superintendence of Mr. Shearer. There is a lighthouse at Point Riche, maintained by the Canadian government, which is of great assistance to navigators. This is the eastern end of Inghamchoix Bay, in which bay are, also, Hawke's Harbor, Port Saunders and Kreppel Island. This island has lately been brought into use again by the French as a fishing place, but was abandoned for some years. There are a series of secluded bays here, with fine anchorage for vessels, and here the French fishing vessels will assemble next spring. The land round these harbors is excellent, very level and covered with wood. The lobster factory, owned by Forrest & Co., has had pretty tough usage at the hands of the French. On June 14th, the manager received a visit from a French lieutenant, informing him that his Commadore had ordered him to take up the lobster traps and close the factory. As Mr. Shearer had, only two days before, paid duty at Flower's Cove to the Newfoundland government on his imported material and goods of various kinds, he naturally felt loath to obey such an order coming from a foreign power. The Frenchman sent for the Emerald and, on her arrival, Mr. Shearer was given a chart marked in red ink, specifying where he was to fish, which, of course, was in the poorest part of the ground,

and the ground was still further curtailed by the Emerald ordering one Atkins off the only good piece of ground the French had omitted to claim. For the way of Monsieur is to note where the best hauls are made, and immediately lodge a complaint against its Newfoundland possessor, and our English men-of-war are only too anxious to oblige them, because "England doesn't want any complications." His Excellency the Governor was shown the fishing ground allotted in this case to the lobster factory, and returned in the Pyrales to see the captain of the Emerald, with what result is not known.

(to be continued.)

THE NEW LONG'S HILL ROAD.

The new road up Long's Hill is being pushed rapidly ahead, under the management of Mr. Kelly (mason), and will be finished early next month. Whatever the right or wrong of putting the road there, this much can be said: that it is a wonderful improvement to the neighborhood, and old residents of the locality will scarcely recognize the place. The property in the neighborhood will also be increased in value by the road being placed there. It is said that it is the intention of the Methodist College trustees to purchase some of the ground higher up the hill, to make a play-ground for the students. If they succeed in this, it will greatly enhance the value of their property.

TO-NIGHT'S MEETING.

Though the notice of the meeting to be held tonight is short, yet it will, no doubt, be largely attended. This is the first of a series of demonstrations that will be held from one end of the Island to the other; and now that the people are up and doing, they will, at least, let the world know that the attempts of the Confederate clique to barter the rights of Newfoundland for a mess of Canadian pottage, has not their sanction nor consent.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

We are in receipt of a note from George E. Bearn, Esq., subscribing \$20.00 towards the expenses of the anti-Confederation league meeting this evening. We will publish his spirited note in tomorrow's Colonist.

Correspondence.

The Editor of this paper is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Mr. Scott and the Delegation.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

St. John's, Sept. 8th, 1888.

SIR,—Will you please publish the following copy of a letter addressed by me to the Premier, in reply to a communication received from him on the 27th of August. Yours truly,

P. J. SCOTT.

St. John's, Sept. 4th, 1888.

SIR,—In reference to the offer of the government, made by you, to honor me with a place on the delegation about to proceed to Ottawa on the subject of the Federal Union of this colony with the Dominion of Canada, I beg to say that it will not be possible for me to accept such honor, unless an express assurance be given me that no action of a character to bind this colony will be adopted, with reference to Confederation, except by the consent of the people, signified at a General election, or by a plebiscite.

Awaiting a reply, I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

P. J. SCOTT.

The Hon. Sir R. Thorburn,

K. C. M. G., Premier.

SAILING OF THE DELEGATION.

The Town to go in Mourning.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—I am in thorough sympathy with a writer in your contemporary, the "Telegram," on Saturday last, in connection with the sailing of the delegation for Ottawa, but the writer does not go far enough. It is well enough to toll the bells and put the flags half-mast, but the city should even more strongly emphasize its disapproval. The ladies should dress in the deepest mourning, and all lovers of country and freedom should wear crape on their hats, march down to the wharf in funeral procession on the sailing of the boat, and give three groans for the outgoing delegation. Yours truly,

INDIGNANT NATIVE.

St. John's, Sept. 10th, 1888.

Their contention being that they were appointed on the committee as individual members from the body, why, then, did they resign their official positions?

How does or why should the non-adoption, by the body, of a report of any seven members affect the officials officially.—QUEST.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Go to the meeting at 6.30.

The big carnival tomorrow night.

Tiltcove has five hundred miners.

Miss Fisher's concert takes place tonight.

Anti-Confederates are getting in earnest.

The delegation will not go on Wednesday next.

Fish scarce in the neighborhood this morning.

Stock-raisers are preparing for Wednesday's Show.

Hay (this season's crop) is quoted at twenty dollars per ton.

A ballad, addressed to P. J. Scott, Esq., is for sale on the streets this evening.

The steamer Volunteer left Bonne Bay at 2.30 yesterday, bound home.

Over two hundred masqueraders will participate in the carnival tomorrow evening.

Monster anti-Confederate open air meeting at Beck's Cove hill this evening. All should attend.

Pille's Island mine will be the mine of the future. Sixty men are working there at present.

The steamer Portia left New York today, for Halifax and St. John's.

The funeral of the late Mrs. T. R. Smith was largely attended this forenoon.

Their Excellencies, the Governor and Mrs. Blake, will attend Miss Fisher's Concert this evening.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Elector," "Game-Leg Smith," "West Ender," on Confederation matters will appear tomorrow.

All stock to be exhibited at the Stock Exhibition must be on the grounds not later than 9.30 a.m. Wednesday next. All entries close tomorrow (Tuesday), at 6 p.m.

Five saloon keepers were fined forty dollars each in the court house on Saturday, for selling liquors to minors. In no case was it proven that there was any intention of wrong doing.

We are glad to hear that Mr. R. H. Earle has found no difficulty in disposing of shares in his shell. His Excellency Governor Blake has taken more than ordinary interest in the invention, as have many of the Water-street business men. Mr. Earle is making preparations to proceed to Halifax this week, Vice-Admiral Lyons having expressed a desire to have the shell tested at that port. Mr. Earle is amongst our most energetic fellow townsmen and deserves success.

DEATHS.

CANNING.—At South Boston, 21st June, James Canning, aged 60 years, for 31 years a resident of Boston.—R.I.P.

GOODRIDGE.—At New York, on Saturday, 8th inst., John Frederick Goodridge, aged 44 years, eldest son of John Goodridge, Esq., of this city.

MERCHANT.—At Heart's Content, on the 8th inst., Bridget, wife of Valentine Merchant, aged 38 years, leaving a husband and eight children to mourn their sad loss.

POWER.—Yesterday, after a long and painful illness, Mary, beloved wife of David Power, aged 47 years. Funeral tomorrow (Tuesday), from her late residence, No. 1 King's-road; friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

Sept. 10.—Sarah Gibson, Sydney, 3 days. P. Rogers & Son—coal. Natalie, Glace Bay, 3 days. M. Thorburn—coal. Sea Lark, Greenock, 28 days. Baine, Johnston & Co—general cargo. Katie, Antigonish, 3 days.—J. & W. Pitts—cattle. Mary Bliss, Glace Bay, 2 days, J. Woods & Son—coal.

CLEARED.

Sept. 10.—Cecil H. Law, McDonald, Grand Banks, J. Fox & Sons—309 qtls. fish. Edward Trevoy, Trevoy, Grand Banks, S. March & Sons—900 qtls. fish. Katie, McDonald, Antigonish, J. & W. Pitts—ballast. Lantana, Marchison, Sydney, J. & W. Pitts—ballast. Lucy, Patey, Oporto, Thorburn & Tessier—5000 qtls. codfish.

LOADING.

Adamantine, Clarke, Liverpool, Bowring Bros—oil. May Cory, Goss, Brazil, Bowring Bros—fish. Eugenie, Monroe, Brazil, P. & L. Tessier—fish.

O'Mara's Drug Store,

151 WATER STREET, 151.

SUNDAY HOURS.

Morning 9 to 10.30 o'clock
Afternoon 2 to 3.30 o'clock
Night 8.30 to 9.30 o'clock

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Night assistant in attendance at 11 o'clock, after which hour any urgent prescription will be attended to by ringing the night-bell at hall door.

JOHN T. O'MARA.

Waterside Business Premises TO BE LET.

THAT DESIRABLE BUSINESS PREMISES at Riverhead, at present occupied by Messrs. WEST & RENDELL. Possession given on the 1st November next. For further particulars apply to

JAS. McLAUGHLAN.